THE
Loyal Proteſtants
NEW
LITANY.

FRom the *Romiſh* Whore with her Tripple Crown,
From the Plots ſhe hath hatch'd, and her Babes (now diſown,
Though they dy'd with a Lie in their mouth (is well known.
Libera nos Domine.

From ſuch as preſume to ſpeak ill of Queen *Beſs*,
From a Popiſh Midwife in a Sanctifyed Dreſs,
Adorn'd with a wooden Ruff for a Creſt
Libera nos, &c.

From *Judas* the Purſebearers Proteſtant face,
From any more of his *Machiavel* race
That henceforth may ever ſucceed in his place
Libera nos, &c.

From a Doctor that durſt prepare ſuch a Doſe
That would take a Proteſtant Prince by the Noſe,
(Although it be ſpoken under the Roſe.)
Libera nos, &c.

From a Papiſt that Curſes the Catholick VVhore,
Although in his heart he the ſame do adore,
And ſtill is contriving more Plots than before,
Libera nos, &c.

From a Jeſuit dreſt up in Maſquerade,
That underſtands his Blood-thirſty Trade,
That can neither by Juſtice or Mercy be laid.
Libera nos, &c.

From *Bumpkin* and *Citt* that at random do range,
And for a Sham-Plot do true honeſty change,
Though come off by the LEE, methinks it is STRANGE.
Libera nos, &c.

From ſuch a hard Fortune as barely to write
But only for Bread from Morning till Night;
That would more than a Crack-farts Courage affright.
Libera nos, &c.

From thoſe that Sedition do daily invent
To render a breach and groſs diſcontent
Betwixt our Great King and Loyal Parliament,
Libera nos, &c.

From ſuch as do daily poſſeſs us with fears,
And yet at the ſame do prick up their ears,
VVhich care not which Courſe our Council now Steers.
Libera nos, &c.

That the *Romiſh* VVhore may be ſtript of her dreſs,
And caſt in the Pit that is call'd bottomleſs;
That her Plots, Loyal Subjects no more may diſtreſs.
Queſimus te Domine.

That Queen *Beſſes* Enemies run the ſame Fate
As lately they did in the laſt Eighty eight,
May never one want to peep through a Grate.
Queſimus, &c.

That the Purſe-bearer *Judas* his Proteſtant face
May never reſume his former high place,
Except for to fall in Eternal Diſgrace.
Queſimus, &c.

That the Doctor beyond Sea in ſpight of his skill,
May never return, but keep cloſe there ſtill;
Or elſe may he Die by his own Poyſonous Pill.
Queſimus, &c.

That Popiſh Curr in honeſt diſguiſe
That Curſes us all before he do riſe,
May his Plots be confounded though never ſo wiſe.
Queſimus, &c.

That ſuch whoſe hands are ſtill dipt in Blood,
And intend to make ſecond *Noah's* Flood,
That all ſuch may periſh, and all of their Brood,
Queſimus, &c.

That ſuch as do render the Plot for a Fable,
And make it the talk of each Coffee-Houſe Table;
To enter Heaven Gates may they never be able.
Queſimus, &c.

That ſuch as are forced to write but for Bread
May be by the daily Providence fed,
Much rather than thoſe who will Plot till they're dead,
Queſimus, &c.

That Seditious Spirits may now be ſuppreſt,
And that in true earneſt, not only in Jeſt,
That ſuch may never more feather their Neſt.
Queſimus, &c.

That thoſe who do daily poſſeſs us with fears,
May fall themſelves together by th' Ears;
And quit us all from that Cloud which appears.
Queſimus te Domine.

London, Printed for T. Davis, 1680.